Lost & Found [Mommy Long Legs X Reader]

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Lost & Found [Mommy Long Legs X Reader]

by ANI_MAY

Summary

When you were a kid you lost your favorite toy during a move to a new home. Now as an adult, you figured it was time to try to find that toy again by searching through the Playtime Co factory. Little did you know there was danger lurking around every corner.

Notes:

* The story was originally set in she/her. I just changed a couple of things so that they'd fit in with the other pronouns.

*This is my first time writing a fic using three different pronouns so I hope everything looks okay. If you see any typos or think something sounds weird just let me know and I'll fix it the best I can!

*The official word count is 6,631 words

Happy Reading! <3

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Blue Fur [she/her reader]

A red light flashes. Sirens blare.

‘ SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT HOLY FUCKING SHIT- ‘

A tuft of fur brushes ever so gently against your back. Your breath hitches.

You couldn’t believe this was happening to you. The Huggy Wuggy, your once cute and lovable childhood best friend, was hunting you down.

With every corner you turned, your heart raced faster. The walls you so briefly touched, are now drenched in sweat from your palms.

You couldn’t breathe.

Tripping, you find yourself sliding out of the vents and onto a narrow walkway.

“Fuck-“ you winced.

“You’re definitely not as huggable as I remember.”

Rubbing your knees quickly, you start to pick yourself up and jog over to the colorful flower exit.

As Huggy’s thudding grows closer, your brows furrow and your body start shaking. Stopping, you take a brief moment to analyze as much of the situation as possible. All you could think about is how vulnerable you were in all this open space. I mean, surely he would catch you here. Compared to the vents, the walkways would make running or jumps effortlessly for Huggy. You needed a plan if you were going to make it to that door in one piece and you needed one now.

Looking every which way, you scanned for anything that you could use to delay him. Surprise surprise, there wasn't much of anything.

Luckily, you noticed a pile of boxes resting on a conveyor belt above your head. With your grab pack, you started to lower each box down and piled them up in front of you, making sure to take them all, except the oversized wooden crate.

You weren’t sure whether or not pulling that one down would be a good idea. It looks like it would take the whole floor down with its weight. Which in theory sounds great. It would definitely keep Huggy away but you weren’t going to risk going down with it. You needed to survive.

Not wasting a single second, you run straight to the exit. When you finally arrive, you hastily open the door and slam it shut.

Panting, your fingers frantically search for a lock. There was none. Grasping the knob tightly, you silently curse to yourself.

‘He can’t open doors, right?’

peeking the door open you look back out in search of huggy and lo and behold there he was. Fangs and all.

At this moment, you knew you had to run or hide, but your body was frozen. You had to see what came next.

Would he move the boxes? Jump over them? Hell, maybe even he was tall enough to simply walk over them.

Cautiously, Huggy approaches your work and scans the room. The room is so silent, that you could hear a pin drop. After a couple of seconds of staring at the pile, Huggy suddenly flails his long arms and lets out a shriek of frustration, hitting one of the boxes over the railing.

Jumping backward, you let out a gasp. Instantly covering your mouth, you peer out the door again, halfway expecting the beast to storm his way through the aisles to swallow you whole. But what had happened next, you never would have guessed to happen in a million years. He was leaving.

Tha-thump tha-thump tha-thump tha-thump.

You could practically feel your heart thumping out of your chest.

‘Was it really over?’

Cautiously watching him leave, you see his blue fuzzy arm slither back into the vent.

“My god-“

Sighing, you quietly close the door. Resting your back against the cool wooden door, you begin to cry. Sliding down to the floor, you attempt to dry off the never-ending pools with your sleeve.

Who would have ever thought that getting chased by a man-eating plushie would be so fucking exhausting?

After about 15 minutes of emotional spiraling, you finally take in your new environment. Breathing steadily, you examine the walls.

‘Floral print. That’s… strange.’

You stand, peering over the descending stairs.

“Fuck it.”

The farther down you went, the more the factory started to disappear and you were now suddenly transported into a setup that appeared to be home-like. You could tell the furniture was antique and that this place had been existing for some time.

But even with this place being old with musty wallpaper and dim lighting, this place didn't fail to carry a warm child's touch to the place.

Walking around, you step past a small dollhouse and pile of color patterned pillows.

In a twisted way, this place kind of reminded you of your own home, well- even though they shared no resemblance.

Slowly approaching the red-lit hallway, your stomach starts to drop.

'What if there was something on the other side of these doors? Something like our blue friend out there-'

Quickly shaking the thought out of your head you take a deep breath in and grab the handles.

"There's a way out of here. I know it - but there's no way I'm going to find it if I keep being a little bitch." You whispered.

Upon opening the door, you're met with two things. A bed you so desperately craved to be in and a creepy red-headed doll that's sealed in a glass case.

With wide eyes, you quietly tiptoed out of the room and closed the doors.

Whatever that thing was, you definitely did not want to wake it the hell up. Even if it meant passing on some well-needed beauty sleep.

Heading over to the closet next to the dollhouse, you pushed it aside and stared at the door that was behind it.

This had to be it.

Opening the door, you instantly groan.

Another factory hallway. Almost identical to the one you were running from Huggy in.

"Does it ever end?" You whine.

Sighing, you jiggle every door in search of your exit.

Nothing.

"Gahhh-"

Kicking a small green robot from the floor, you run your hands through your hair. Suddenly noticing fresh blood all over the wall and floor, you bend down and examine the small robot.

It didn't move or cry out in pain.

“What are you guys?”

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Pink Hand [she/her reader]

Kicking a small green robot from the floor, you run your hands through your hair. Suddenly noticing fresh blood all over the wall and floor, you bend down and examine the small robot.

It didn't move or cry out in pain.

"What are you guys?"

Standing back up, you start to feel nauseous. Huggy is sentient. That doll you found earlier if you approached it maybe it would have been too, and now this robot? You didn't know what to think.

With the smell of iron filling your nostrils, you immediately leave the scene. Using your grab pack, you smoothly swing yourself to the other side of the hallway. As you expected, there wasn't an exit, but there was a familiar face.

Flipping off the cardboard cutout of Huggy, you move some barrels out of your way and walk into what seemed to be a storage room. Instantly, a red key caught your eye.

Snatching it off the wall, you twirl it between your fingers curiously.

Suddenly a realization crossed your mind, "The red door! Eliot Ludwig's door! That's what this opens!"

Rushing back over to where you started you place the key in the hole and turn it.

Klick.

The door creaks open.

Entering the office, you rummage through the drawers, in hopes to find another key or at least a button to open the gate from outside the office, but in the end, are left fruitless.

Spinning in the office chair, you stare at the walls and the vents.

Oh, how you had hoped it never came to this.

Hopping off the chair you pull down the vent door and jump into the vent. Cringing at the memory of Huggy, you slowly made your way to the other side.

Surprisingly, the room was pretty big. Obviously, the first thing you tried was to open a door inside the room, but it wouldn't budge because of course it fucking didn't. So for a while, you were stuck in there, trying to figure out a way to get the power back on, but after moving a couple of boxes, you eventually got it to work and were able to get through the gate outside the office.

But now you seem to have reached yet another problem.

“A hole! That's just what I needed! Gee, thanks universe for helping me out!” You yelled.

Sighing, you debate whether or not you should go back to where you first encountered Huggy. At least on that side of the factory, you knew where your exit was, but here? It felt like the more you searched, the deeper you got into the factory.

Deciding on what to do, you start to walk away from the hole. “Well Huggy, I guess we’re going to be meeting again soon…yay.”

Suddenly a large pink hand wrapped around your leg.

“What the he-“

You were being pulled into the hole against your will. Falling down the blue slide, you scream and thrash. Kicking the pink hand, until it finally lets go of your leg. When you finally make it to the bottom, you search left and right for the culprit, but the creature is nowhere in sight.

Whatever that thing was, it knew you were here, and it wanted you. You look back up the slide, gulping. There’s no way in hell you’re going to be able to climb up that. It’s too steep.

The only option now is to move forward. Running to the power room, you figure out the best method to turn the power back on and go straight to the opening gate.

Taking a couple of steps forward, you grab onto your grab pack tightly.

It was dead silent the moment you walked in, but the closer you got to the gate at the end of the hallway, the more uneasy you felt.

‘Maybe that pink thing left already.’

That’s what you wanted to believe, but deep down you knew the truth. Before you turned on the power, there wasn’t anywhere for it to go. It’s here with you-lingering in the darkness.

You couldn’t take this much longer.

Looking up at the ceiling, you clear your throat. “I know you’re here! Come-come out so I can see you-”

“I just need to get through that gate!”

…

Maybe if you tried reasoning with it?

“I don’t mean any harm. Imeanyouprobablymightbut- I swear, it will take me only two seconds to get out and I’ll be out of your hair forever. Just please, let me through. I’ll do anything.” You breathed.

Giggling erupts from above.

You freeze, breaking into a sweat.

“Anything?” It questions sweetly.

Nodding slowly, you squint into the darkness.

“Oh well in that case~”

The room suddenly starts to shake. You take a few steps back, almost falling to the ground.

One by one each of its pink hands and legs stretches down to grip the wall, slowly revealing its massive form.

‘Mommy-‘

“Let’s play a game!” She cheered.

Breathing out a laugh, you eye the gate behind her, nervously. “Sure… why not-“

“20 questions! I’ll go first!” She stated.

Twisting her entire body, her face then slowly stretches down to your height, inches away from your face.

You’re about to throw up.

“ Who are you? “

‘This isn’t the game.’

“ (Y-Y/n). My name’s (Y/n).”

Mommy jumps off the wall, making the entire room shake again. This time you lose your balance and fall to the floor.

Hovering over your body, she smiles “You’re not from here are you, dear?”

You start to nod, trying to stay as calm, quiet, and respectful as possible but when your eyes meet hers, they start to darken and give a disapproving look.

“NO! I’m not. From here, I mean. I never worked in the factory-“ you squeaked.

Her voice brightens again “Good! Next question dear!”

“What brings you down here?”

You wonder whether or not you should play the innocent card.

“You pulled me down here, remember?” You laugh softly.

“Oh yes, I do remember! You hurt Mommy’s hand!” She pouted, holding her hand to her chest.

Your heart pounds.

‘Oh shit, is she pissed?’

Swatting at an invisible fly with her other hand, she closes her eyes and sighs “But don’t worry! Mommy’s feeling much better now. But what I meant to ask is why are you in the factory silly?”

You look away, turning red from embarrassment.

Your reasoning wasn't exactly good.

“Um well… I was looking for…”

Her green eyes burned into you, waiting for you to continue.

“I was looking for a toy to replace the one I had lost as a child!”

Silence.

“A toy?” She whispers.

Your cheeks burned.

“Y-yes a toy!” You whispered back angrily.

Suddenly Mommy bursts out into laughter.

Courage overcomes you “Hey, that’s not funny! It was for pure nostalgia! How the hell was I supposed to know this place was a death trap?”

Mommy stops laughing, “You know- the factory shut down ages ago!”

You rub the back of your neck sheepishly, “yeah I know.”

“The workers…they disappeared!”

You sit up from the floor looking at her dirty pink boots.

“Yeah, I know.”

Her head twists away from you curiously, “Then why?”

“I figured everyone or everything would have been gone by now. I thought it was safe.”

Standing up, you dust off your clothes and take a step back to get a better look at Mommy.

“My dear, it is far from safe.”

You nod, remembering Huggy, “I know.”

For a moment the both of you stayed silent. But this time, during the silence, the air felt different. It felt lighter.

Mommy sighs “So who were you looking to play with?”

You freeze.

“What?”

“What toy were you so desperately searching for? Mommy might know a place or two to find one of the regular toys.”

“You mean ones with no blood in them?”

She ruffles your hair with a single finger, “No blood~ Mommy promises.”

For some reason you can’t explain, you weren’t afraid anymore. “Okay… well actually I was looking for-well you.” You blushed.

Fidgeting with your grab pack, you watch as Mommy’s eyes widen in shock, then instantly she brightens and clasps her hands together, “Oh how sweet!”

“When I was a kid, I had two favorites. You were my number one though. My best gal pal.” You chuckle softly to yourself reminiscing on your childhood.

“ I lost you though, somehow through a move maybe. I moved schools and homes a lot when I was a kid. Anyway, I just remember being so sad when I realized that I was probably never going to see you again. Hah, it’s so stupid that I came here. I almost Died and hell who knows maybe I will die, but this was just eating away at me for a long time and I just couldn’t take not doing anything anymore. I had to bring you back home.”

Mommy places her hand on the floor, palm facing up, and ushers you over to her. Hesitantly, you stand on her hand and she lifts you to meet her face. You stare into her green eyes and hers into your (e/c) ones. “Do you mean that about Mommy dear? And tell the truth! I’ll know if you’re lying!” She threatens.

Staring into her eyes, you get down on your knees and hold onto her thumb comfortingly.

“I do.”

For a split second, you saw something change in her eyes. If you blinked, you would have missed it. She looked relieved but quickly went back to her regular stoic face.

Bringing you over to the hand reader, mommy motions for you to use your grab pack. Slapping your red hand on the reader, you look up at Mommy, giving her a small grin.

“Does this mean I get to live?”

Walking into the game station, Mommy sets you down by the seating area.

This place is trashed.

“Yes, now be a good girl and wait here. Mommy will be right back.”

You couldn’t help but blush about the nickname.

“But what about the other toys around?”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about that! Mommy’s got it all taken care of. Just sit down and wait patiently, you can do that right (y/n)?”

Silently noodling, you take a seat.

“Splendid! I’ll be right back!”

You sat and waited patiently but she didn’t come right back. For over an hour you sat there kicking your feet, waiting for Mommy on the yellow bench. Growing bored, you decided to roam a bit.

She wouldn’t kill you for this, right?

Walking around, you analyze the drawings taped around the playground area. Quite a few were Huggy, but from the amount of pink you were seeing scribbled on paper, it looked like Mommy was the favorite around here.

“Heh cute-“

Picking up a page from the floor, you run your fingers through the crinkly paper. Chuckling at the view of a disproportionate version of Mommy, you trace the spot where her fingers stretch off the page.

‘I wonder if her fingers actually stretch this far…’

Instantly hit with lewd thoughts, you silently curse to yourself.

“Is she ever coming back?”

sighing, you crumble the page back into a ball and throw it across the room. Turning away from the playground, you make your way over to the beeping noise. Walking up the steps, you stare at the cardboard cutout of Kissy Missy, feeling uneasy.

‘God if she’s anything like Huggy hope I never get to meet her-‘

Brushing your fingers against the control panel, you grab the stick that lies underneath the flashing red light.

Growing uncomfortable with the quiet beeping, you start talking quietly to yourself.

“I know that I can’t open the train door with my grab pack since the door will only take a green hand, but maybe this can open it too. Hopefully?”

Pulling down the lever, you watch the train carefully. The door didn’t budge. Instead, creepy music played through the speakers, until a feminine voice cut in.

“Hi kids! Welcome to the game station! I’m Stella and we’ve got three super duper fun games to play. These little tests show us just how crazy strong and smart you are. Follow Mommy Long Legs down the stairs and we’ll start by playing musical memory. See you in a bit!”

Mommy still was nowhere to be found.

‘Maybe something happened to her.’

The door slides open.

‘Or she just left me for dead.’

Both thoughts made you shiver. Mommy or not you weren’t going to stand around any longer. You had to get on that train.

Walking down a broken hallway, you find yourself searching for something to open the train door with. Eventually, the hallway led you to the “molding room” and you decided on making that green hand.

Thank god you were able to because after you used the room, one of the machines busted. You didn’t even want to think about what could have happened if you couldn’t leave on the train. The thought alone made you sick.

On your way back to the train, you replace your red hand with the green. You almost make it fully up the stairs until a pink figure comes into view and blocks your exit. You stumble down a couple of steps but regain your balance.

“H-hey Mommy.”

She isn’t pleased.

“ I thought I asked you to wait. “

You walk up the stairs and rest a hand on one of her giant fingers, making her expression soften. “I didn’t know if something bad had happened to you. I’m sorry, I should have never left.”

For a moment she analyzes you as if to see if you were still the person she met in an hour ago.

Remembering the drawing from earlier, you pull your hand away quickly, blushing.

She takes note of your change but doesn’t say anything about it.

“ Still, you should have listened to Mommy! It’s not safe out here. You could have gotten hurt, little one.”

Chuckling, you walk past her and toward the train. “I’m not a kid anymore.”

“Well of course not! But you’re still small to me.”

Remembering the height difference, you nod slowly. “Oh right. I guess that makes sense.”

Opening the door to the train, you walk in and then back out.

“Oh um. It looks like it needs a code. Do you know it?”

Placing her palm on the floor, you quietly walk over to her and stand in the middle of her palm for a second time. Placing you on top of the train, you give her a questioning look. She responds with a sad sigh, then rubs the top of your head lovingly.

“I do, but I was hoping you’d stay just a little longer…”

“Sure, I guess it’s the least I can do since you’re helping me.”

Her eyes grow wide and full of life.

“Good! Because I brought you a little something!” Stretching her arm behind the train she pulls over a box and hands it over to you.

In black sharpie, the box was labeled “reject”. Turning the box over, you find a smaller lifeless version of Mommy inside.

Smiling, you run your hands over the thin plastic window. “Oh my god is this-“

“Toy me? Yes! Do you like it?”

“Are you kidding? I love it! I didn’t think you were serious though when you said you knew where to find one.”

She giggles softly, resting her head on her palms. “Well, Mommy always keeps her word!”

Sitting down, you hold the box to your chest and smile. Mommy smiles back.

“Thanks so much for the gift. It’s the reason why I went down here and to just have it is such a relief but I have to ask… why? Why did you decide to help me, a complete stranger?”

Mommy’s smile fades, and she looks away with an expression you couldn’t quite explain.

Her voice goes quiet, “You’re innocent..”

You almost didn’t hear her but thankfully you were watching her mouth and caught what she was saying.

“Innocent?”

“Yes, you’re not like the others. You didn’t take the children or do experiments. You weren’t the one to leave Mommy all alone. It was them, the employees, everyone, but the way you treat me-the way you look at me…”

She gently brushes your cheek.

“It’s like you see me.”

You hold the finger that’s resting on your cheek, and catch her eyes again. “Of course I see you. You’re not the monster here, don’t think I haven’t noticed. This was all probably some sick rich asshole who thought it would be a good idea to play house.”

Without thinking you kiss the top of her head to comfort her. She instantly smiles and you pull away quickly, feeling your face heat up against her finger.

You laugh awkwardly. “What?”

“See, you are innocent~” She teased.

“Pssh, please! Not that innocent.”

“How so?”

Your mind wanders back to the drawing again.

‘Shit.’

“Oh you know-“

Smirking, she puts both of her hands on her hips and watches you struggling to find words. “I don’t.”

When you don’t say anything she laughs, but this time it’s different, deeper. Maybe even more genuine.

“What? Cat got your tongue?”

You sit there blushing, trying to think of something to say, anything.

Out of nowhere, she places her finger under your chin, making you look back up at her. “You know (y/n) if you can’t use your words. You’re just going to have to show Mommy.” She purrs.

Your heart starts beating fast while you rub your legs together, trying to conceal your heat.

‘She couldn’t possibly know what sex is right?’

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: The End [she/her reader]

You both sit in silence.

The thought of Mommy flirting with you now and possibly fucking you was too much to handle. You didn't know what to say or do, but in the next few moments, it became clear that she did and there was nothing innocent about it.

With half-lidded eyes, Mommy moved her finger from your chin down to the lower half of your body. Holding your breath, you watch as her pink finger shoves its way in between your thighs.

"Open."

You couldn't believe what you were hearing, "W-what?"

"You heard Mommy."

Hesitantly, you spread your legs.

"Good girl~"

God, you were already so wet.

"Oh look! It seems like you're ready to play and we just started too!"

Rubbing her finger against your clothed crotch, she watches your face, as it instantly becomes filled with pleasure.

Covering your mouth with the back of your hand, and leaning on the other, you try to hold in any embarrassing sounds.

"Ah ah ah. No holding back now. Mommy wants to hear your sweet sounds!"

Moving your hand away from your lips, you blush while Mommy applies more pressure and speed against your throbbing clit.

You were going to explode.

"Haaah-ahhh~"

Smiling down at you, she gives a long satisfied sigh.

"Such wonderful sounds, yes! But I wonder…"

She pulls away, poking her left cheek with one finger. You whimper, missing her touch.

"What would the little one sound like without her clothes?"

At this point, you were practically drooling.

‘Am I really going to do this?’

You question the thought for a second or two, then get to work.

Standing, you feverishly take off all of your clothes, tossing them onto the floor. They ended up falling onto the tracks instead, but you weren’t too worried about it. You would get them back later.

Now it was Mommy’s turn to drool.

You kick your feet awkwardly. “So what now?”

Without saying a word, Mommy picks you up by your waist and sits you in the middle of her palm. Running her finger over your chest, she starts massaging your breast in a circular motion.

Nipples growing hard under her soft silicon hand, you moan softly causing Mommy to stare at you in awe.

She couldn’t believe how soft you were.

“Mommy~”

“Yes, love?” she purred.

You could hear the lust dripping from her mouth.

You grip her fore and ring finger, blushing heavily. You didn’t even know if what you wanted was possible, but you figured it wouldn’t hurt to ask.

“Could you… possibly, f-fill me up?”

Your blush instantly turns 50 shades darker.

“If you can, that is!” You squeak.

“Of course, I can~ Anything for you (y/n)~”

Going back down to your pussy, she starts to rub your clit again, then at your soaked folds.

Throwing your head back, you watch as her finger stretches into a thinner form and rests at your entrance.

“Ready?” She smirks.

You open your mouth, ready to respond, but are quickly cut off by Mommy’s finger thrusting its way into you. You gasp at her size. Even though she stretched herself to be able to fit into you, she was still pretty thick, not that you minded though.

“You’re so warm (y/n)~”

With that comment, Mommy starts thrusting in and out of you, slowly. You arch your back and whine quietly in response.

“Please-“

“Awe how needy… Now, tell Mommy what you would like her to do to that sweet pussy of yours, (y/n).”

She stops and pulls out. You whine again, grinding on her finger. You couldn’t believe how desperate you felt. It felt like you couldn’t breathe.

“Ahhh~ Please Mommy! I need you to ram me so hard and fast. Please-I’m begging you! Please, please please-”

“Such a naughty request.”

She sighs deeply. You could feel the warmth of her breath kiss your face.

“What am I going to do with you (y/n)?”

Gently stroking your thighs, she looks down at your watery eyes as you tighten your grip around her fingers. “Fuck me.” You declared.

And she did. In one swift motion, she rammed herself deep inside you, thrusting at an inhuman speed.

Suddenly your vision started to blur. You could barely focus on a single object or thought. The only thing your mind could process was the wet rhythmic slapping sound coming from your pussy.

“Yes yes yes! Mommy yes! Oh, my god-just like that!”

Shivering at your praise, Mommy keeps up the pace. Watching you intently as her stretched finger quickly becomes covered in your cum.

“Gahhh~ Mommy!” You moaned.

Smirking, she inches closer to your face.

“What’s my name?”

You could feel your toes tighten and curl. You were close to finishing.

“Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! Mmhhh… AHHH!”

Panting, you feel her finger slide out and gently rest upon your lips.

‘She’s not going to make me taste myself, right?’

“Say ah~”

Closing your eyes, you part your lips obediently. You were half expecting a bitter taste to run down your throat but were caught by surprise when you were choking down on a sweet and salty flavor.

You hated to admit it, but you tasted good.

“You like that don’t you (y/n)? Mommy can tell.” She teased.

For a while, you did like it. That is until you suddenly started to feel your throat tighten and burn. Sobbing, you look up at Mommy for help, but only see her chuckling at the sight. She liked seeing you like this, a mess.

Spit spilling out both sides of your lips, you grab her finger to pull it out. This time you really couldn’t breathe.

So the next time the pink rubber grazed against your inner cheek, you decided to bite down. She immediately pulled out, crying out in pain.

“OW!”

Heaving, you get on your knees and wipe away the spit from your neck and cheeks.

“What the hell was that?! I could barely breathe!” You spat.

Pulling you up by your hair, she tosses you on top of the train. Wincing at the throbbing pain your scalp is in, you land harshly on your hands and knees.

With a low growl, Mommy snakes her arm around your entire body, then finally ends at your neck. You gasp not being able to face her.

“And now, you really won’t~”

“Wha-“

Giggling like a maniac, she squeezes your entire body, making sure to squeeze extra tight on what she thought were your softest and sexiest features.

Pressing your cheek against the roof of the train, you started to focus on the cold metallic feeling. You were losing air. But it wasn’t as scary as the first time. No, this time it felt different.

You still couldn’t breathe either way, but for some strange reason, you started to regain your trust in her. Even though she’s pissed at you for biting her, you could tell that her intentions were far from evil. You’ll admit, between the scary giggling and aggressive touch, it took you a hot second to realize, that she wasn’t planning on killing you. She never was. She just wanted to dominate you.

SLAP.

You felt your entire ass burn. She was spanking you with one of her fingers and there was nothing you could do about it.

SLAP.

You were as red as a tomato.

SLAP.

Choking out a loud moan, you twitch as she continues her strikes. Quickly, you started to learn that with each harsh hit your ass took, the more your pussy throbbed. You were getting wet again and she noticed too.

“Looks like someone’s making a mess! Here, Mommy will help clean it all up!”

Desperate for her touch, you arch your back as much as possible under her tight restraint, trying to display your aching cunt to her. Curling her middle finger, Mommy slowly rubs circles onto your clit then stops abruptly, planning her next move.
Suddenly, her finger is scooping up all the cum dripping from your cunt and is moving it in between your cheeks.

‘Oh shit.’

Your body tenses. She slowly pushes in.

“AHHHH~”

Successfully finding herself all the way in, Mommy starts to pound mercilessly into your hole, only using the movement of her finger to fuck you.

“You’re taking me so well (y/n)! You’re such a good girl!”

All of a sudden she loosens her grip around you, letting you regain air and movement. Gasping, you slam your hands by the side of your head and claw at the roof of the train, chipping some paint in the process.

Mommy stops momentarily, concern rising in her voice.

“(y/n)? Are you okay dear? Mommy didn’t hurt you too badly, did she?”

Finally regaining some freedom, you look behind you and meet Mommy’s big green eyes. They were so worried.

Coughing, you start rolling your hips, thrusting her deeper into you. Gasping softly, Mommy’s eyes widened and a smirk crept upon your lips, “Never better~” you sang.

And from there on out, moaning and praises filled the air. And after finishing your intense session, Mommy carried you over to the employee locker room to shower and get dressed. Making your way back to the scene, you throw on your grab pack; using it to open the train door.

You take two steps into the train.

‘I’m Finally Leaving.’

Running your hand through your wet hair, you listened carefully as Mommy guided you through the code.

Pressing all the buttons as instructed, you pause to hear the train chime.

The buttons were now all green. You squealed, jumping for joy.

You were finally going back home alive and it was all thanks to Mommy.

‘Mommy…’

You frown, stepping back out into the station.

“Mommy, why don’t you come with me? To get away from…”

You struggled to find the words for this wickedly depressing place.

“Well, away from all of this-” You sighed, gesturing your hands out toward the game station.

“You know I can’t do that.” She smiles sadly.

You lean against the train, crossing your arms defensively. “Why not? No one’s keeping you here and I’d be more than happy to take you in. Well, I’d need to buy a ranch or property first since you’re-you know-but we can do it! I can do it!”

She stares down at you lovingly, stroking the side of your face. You bite down on your lip, getting a taste of the salty tears running down your face. “I-It’s just not fair! Why do you have to be stuck down here? Look-I know we just met but I feel like I’ve known you forever, and in a way, I guess I have.”

Memories of your childhood flood in.

“But you’re nothing like Huggy or the people who experimented on you! Sure you’re no saint but you have good in you. You don’t deserve this…” you cried.

As many times as you pleaded, Mommy’s choice remained the same.

“No, (y/n).”

“But-“

“This is Mommy’s home now.”

You grab her finger and hug it tightly, secretly afraid of her vanishing into thin air.

“Then I’ll come to visit you so you’re not alone.” You stated.

“NO!”

You flinch slightly at her sudden outburst. Pushing you roughly against the train, she exhales slowly and starts speaking with her warm voice again. The voice you’ve grown used to these past couple of hours.

“No. You will not come down here ever again. It’s not safe. You understand, right my sweet girl?”

You nod your head sadly, still holding onto her.

“Oh I know it’s very hard, dear. Mommy will miss you too, but trust me it’s better this way!” She cheered.

You could tell her words meant nothing to either of you. It was all just a facade. She wanted to be with you as much as you wanted to be with her. It just wasn’t in the cards for you two, but that much was obvious from the start.

Motioning for her to bend down, you wipe your mouth from the salt and kiss her pink forehead. She smiles down at you sweetly and ushers you back into the train.

“Well, run along now! You don’t want to be late for supper-” she rushed.

Tripping over the gift Mommy gave you, you pick up the box and close the door, getting ready for the departure. Hugging the doll, you look out the window to see Mommy waving sadly.

“Goodbye! And remember to be a good girl (y/n)!” She hollered.

You give a warm smile at the comment. “No promises!”

The train started to move.

“I love you, Mommy!”

“I love you more dear!”

Waving your last goodbyes, you then face forward, preparing yourself to exit the factory. After chugging down the tunnel for a solid ten minutes, you eventually start hurtling towards a bright light.

Squinting, you take in the drastic lighting change and the train gradually comes to a stop. Stepping out of the train, you walk out of the tunnel and step out into the parking lot. Immediately, you spot your car. Your eyes begin to water.

“Oh my god-“ you breathed.

You never thought you’d see that hunk of junk ever again.

With heavy steps, you make your way over to the middle of the parking lot to where your car was. Staring at your reflection through the window, you shove your hands into your back pocket for your keys.

Shaking, you press the button to unlock the car and hop into the driver's seat. Tossing the gift Mommy gave you into the backseat, you slam the car door shut and lock all the doors and windows.

Not wasting a second, you insert your key into the ignition and grip your steering wheel. Hearing the car purr, you step on the gas and speed out of the parking lot. Watched the factory slowly fade away in the distance.

As you drove past all of the gas stations, restaurants, and houses, you held your breath and kept a sharp eye on the road. Even though you were now miles away from the factory, it wasn't until you were laying in the comfort of your bed that you decided to finally breathe.

Snuggling against your new doll, you quickly drifted off into the darkness, pushing away any last wandering thoughts of what would become of Mommy and the Play factory.

As day turned into night, Mommy slaved away in many parts of the factory. Writing on warnings on the walls and in the vents. Strapping already dead toys on ceilings and moving furniture around to block any doorways that would lead a person back into the Gamestation.

Mommy told herself it was because she didn't want any pest to sneak their way in and disrupt Mommy's peace, but deep down she knew that what she was doing was all to keep (y/n) safe.

Though the thought of one day reuniting with you never ceased to make Mommy feel warm and fuzzy, the thought of finding your corpse down these hallways instead made her feel something stronger. It made her feel scared.

So to keep herself sane, Mommy did the thing she felt was right and cut off all the remaining power to the station, isolating herself back into the long, dark, and narrow hallway the two of you first met in.

For years Mommy crawled about in that hallway. Lonely, tired, and with an insatiable appetite. In all her years of waiting, she never expected to see you or anyone ever again, that is, until one day, when she heard an all too familiar voice humming through the slides.

Lifting the gate open a crack, Mommy slips her hand under it and slowly creeps her way up the slide, snatching Poppy away. As screams fill the air, Mommy waits patiently for her next victim.

As the minutes go by, everything is silent. Then finally the gate opened and an employee walked in.

"A NEW PLAYMATE!"

Chapter 4: Chapter 1: Blue Fur [he/him reader]

A red light flashes. Sirens blare.

‘ SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT HOLY FUCKING SHIT- ‘

A tuft of fur brushes ever so gently against your back. Your breath hitches.

You couldn’t believe this was happening to you. The Huggy Wuggy, your once cute and lovable childhood best friend, was hunting you down.

With every corner you turned, your heart raced faster. The walls you so briefly touched, are now drenched in sweat from your palms.

You couldn’t breathe.

Tripping, you find yourself sliding out of the vents and onto a narrow walkway.

“Fuck-“ you winced.

“You’re definitely not as huggable as I remember.”

Rubbing your knees quickly, you start to pick yourself up and jog over to the colorful flower exit.

As Huggy’s thudding grows closer, your brows furrow and your body start shaking. Stopping, you take a brief moment to analyze as much of the situation as possible. All you could think about is how vulnerable you were in all this open space. I mean, surely he would catch you here. Compared to the vents, the walkways would make running or jumps effortlessly for Huggy. You needed a plan if you were going to make it to that door in one piece and you needed one now.

Looking every which way, you scanned for anything that you could use to delay him. Surprise surprise, there wasn't much of anything.

Luckily, you noticed a pile of boxes resting on a conveyor belt above your head. With your grab pack, you started to lower each box down and piled them up in front of you, making sure to take them all, except the oversized wooden crate.

You weren’t sure whether or not pulling that one down would be a good idea. It looks like it would take the whole floor down with its weight. Which in theory sounds great. It would definitely keep Huggy away but you weren’t going to risk going down with it. You needed to survive.

Not wasting a single second, you run straight to the exit. When you finally arrive, you hastily open the door and slam it shut.

Panting, your fingers frantically search for a lock. There was none. Grasping the knob tightly, you silently curse to yourself.

‘He can’t open doors, right?’

peeking the door open you look back out in search of huggy and lo and behold there he was. Fangs and all.

At this moment, you knew you had to run or hide, but your body was frozen. You had to see what came next.

Would he move the boxes? Jump over them? Hell, maybe even he was tall enough to simply walk over them.

Cautiously, Huggy approaches your work and scans the room. The room is so silent, that you could hear a pin drop. After a couple of seconds of staring at the pile, Huggy suddenly flails his long arms and lets out a shriek of frustration, hitting one of the boxes over the railing.

Jumping backward, you let out a gasp. Instantly covering your mouth, you peer out the door again, halfway expecting the beast to storm his way through the aisles to swallow you whole. But what had happened next, you never would have guessed to happen in a million years. He was leaving.

Tha-thump tha-thump tha-thump tha-thump.

You could practically feel your heart thumping out of your chest.

‘Was it really over?’

Cautiously watching him leave, you see his blue fuzzy arm slither back into the vent.

“My god-“

Sighing, you quietly close the door. Resting your back against the cool wooden door, you begin to cry. Sliding down to the floor, you attempt to dry off the never-ending pools with your sleeve.

Who would have ever thought that getting chased by a man-eating plushie would be so fucking exhausting?

After about 15 minutes of emotional spiraling, you finally take in your new environment. Breathing steadily, you examine the walls.

‘Floral print. That’s… strange.’

You stand, peering over the descending stairs.

“Fuck it.”

The farther down you went, the more the factory started to disappear and you were now suddenly transported into a setup that appeared to be home-like. You could tell the furniture was antique and that this place had been existing for some time.

But even with this place being old with musty wallpaper and dim lighting, this place didn't fail to carry a warm child's touch to the place.

Walking around, you step past a small dollhouse and pile of color patterned pillows.

In a twisted way, this place kind of reminded you of your own home, well- even though they shared no resemblance.

Slowly approaching the red-lit hallway, your stomach starts to drop.

'What if there was something on the other side of these doors? Something like our blue friend out there-'

Quickly shaking the thought out of your head you take a deep breath in and grab the handles.

"There's a way out of here. I know it - but there's no way I'm going to find it if I keep being a little bitch." You whispered.

Upon opening the door, you're met with two things. A bed you so desperately craved to be in and a creepy red-headed doll that's sealed in a glass case.

With wide eyes, you quietly tiptoed out of the room and closed the doors.

Whatever that thing was, you definitely did not want to wake it the hell up. Even if it meant passing on some well-needed beauty sleep.

Heading over to the closet next to the dollhouse, you pushed it aside and stared at the door that was behind it.

This had to be it.

Opening the door, you instantly groan.

Another factory hallway. Almost identical to the one you were running from Huggy in.

"Does it ever end?" You whine.

Sighing, you jiggle every door in search of your exit.

Nothing.

"Gahhh-"

Kicking a small green robot from the floor, you run your hands through your hair. Suddenly noticing fresh blood all over the wall and floor, you bend down and examine the small robot.

It didn't move or cry out in pain.

“What are you guys?”

Chapter 5: Chapter 2: Pink Hand [he/him reader]

Kicking a small green robot from the floor, you run your hands through your hair. Suddenly noticing fresh blood all over the wall and floor, you bend down and examine the small robot.

It didn't move or cry out in pain.

"What are you guys?"

Standing back up, you start to feel nauseous. Huggy is sentient. That doll you found earlier if you approached it maybe it would have been too, and now this robot? You didn't know what to think.

With the smell of iron filling your nostrils, you immediately leave the scene. Using your grab pack, you smoothly swing yourself to the other side of the hallway. As you expected, there wasn't an exit, but there was a familiar face.

Flipping off the cardboard cutout of Huggy, you move some barrels out of your way and walk into what seemed to be a storage room. Instantly, a red key caught your eye.

Snatching it off the wall, you twirl it between your fingers curiously.

Suddenly a realization crossed your mind, "The red door! Eliot Ludwig's door! That's what this opens!"

Rushing back over to where you started you place the key in the hole and turn it.

Klick.

The door creaks open.

Entering the office, you rummage through the drawers, in hopes to find another key or at least a button to open the gate from outside the office, but in the end, are left fruitless.

Spinning in the office chair, you stare at the walls and the vents.

Oh, how you had hoped it never came to this.

Hopping off the chair you pull down the vent door and jump into the vent. Cringing at the memory of Huggy, you slowly made your way to the other side.

Surprisingly, the room was pretty big. Obviously, the first thing you tried was to open a door inside the room, but it wouldn't budge because of course it fucking didn't. So for a while, you were stuck in there, trying to figure out a way to get the power back on, but after moving a couple of boxes, you eventually got it to work and were able to get through the gate outside the office.

But now you seem to have reached yet another problem.

“A hole! That's just what I needed! Gee, thanks universe for helping me out!” You yelled.

Sighing, you debate whether or not you should go back to where you first encountered Huggy. At least on that side of the factory, you knew where your exit was, but here? It felt like the more you searched, the deeper you got into the factory.

Deciding on what to do, you start to walk away from the hole. “Well Huggy, I guess we’re going to be meeting again soon…yay.”

Suddenly a large pink hand wrapped around your leg.

“What the he-“

You were being pulled into the hole against your will. Falling down the blue slide, you scream and thrash. Kicking the pink hand, until it finally lets go of your leg. When you finally make it to the bottom, you search left and right for the culprit, but the creature is nowhere in sight.

Whatever that thing was, it knew you were here, and it wanted you. You look back up the slide, gulping. There’s no way in hell you’re going to be able to climb up that. It’s too steep.

The only option now is to move forward. Running to the power room, you figure out the best method to turn the power back on and go straight to the opening gate.

Taking a couple of steps forward, you grab onto your grab pack tightly.

It was dead silent the moment you walked in, but the closer you got to the gate at the end of the hallway, the more uneasy you felt.

‘Maybe that pink thing left already.’

That’s what you wanted to believe, but deep down you knew the truth. Before you turned on the power, there wasn’t anywhere for it to go. It’s here with you-lingering in the darkness.

You couldn’t take this much longer.

Looking up at the ceiling, you clear your throat. “I know you’re here! Come-come out so I can see you-”

“I just need to get through that gate!”

…

Maybe if you tried reasoning with it?

“I don’t mean any harm. Imeanyouprobablymightbut- I swear, it will take me only two seconds to get out and I’ll be out of your hair forever. Just please, let me through. I’ll do anything.” You breathed.

Giggling erupts from above.

You freeze, breaking into a sweat.

“Anything?” It questions sweetly.

Nodding slowly, you squint into the darkness.

“Oh well in that case~”

The room suddenly starts to shake. You take a few steps back, almost falling to the ground.

One by one each of its pink hands and legs stretches down to grip the wall, slowly revealing its massive form.

‘Mommy-‘

“Let’s play a game!” She cheered.

Breathing out a laugh, you eye the gate behind her, nervously. “Sure… why not-“

“20 questions! I’ll go first!” She stated.

Twisting her entire body, her face then slowly stretches down to your height, inches away from your face.

You’re about to throw up.

“ Who are you? “

‘This isn’t the game.’

“ (Y-Y/n). My name’s (Y/n).”

Mommy jumps off the wall, making the entire room shake again. This time you lose your balance and fall to the floor.

Hovering over your body, she smiles “You’re not from here are you, dear?”

You start to nod, trying to stay as calm, quiet, and respectful as possible but when your eyes meet hers, they start to darken and give a disapproving look.

“NO! I’m not. From here, I mean. I never worked in the factory-“ you squeaked.

Her voice brightens again “Good! Next question dear!”

“What brings you down here?”

You wonder whether or not you should play the innocent card.

“You pulled me down here, remember?” You laugh softly.

“Oh yes, I do remember! You hurt Mommy’s hand!” She pouted, holding her hand to her chest.

Your heart pounds.

‘Oh shit, is she pissed?’

Swatting at an invisible fly with her other hand, she closes her eyes and sighs “But don’t worry! Mommy’s feeling much better now. But what I meant to ask is why are you in the factory silly?”

You look away, turning red from embarrassment.

Your reasoning wasn't exactly good.

“Um well… I was looking for…”

Her green eyes burned into you, waiting for you to continue.

“I was looking for a toy to replace the one I had lost as a child!”

Silence.

“A toy?” She whispers.

Your cheeks burned.

“Y-yes a toy!” You whispered back angrily.

Suddenly Mommy bursts out into laughter.

Courage overcomes you “Hey, that’s not funny! It was for pure nostalgia! How the hell was I supposed to know this place was a death trap?”

Mommy stops laughing, “You know- the factory shut down ages ago!”

You rub the back of your neck sheepishly, “yeah I know.”

“The workers…they disappeared!”

You sit up from the floor looking at her dirty pink boots.

“Yeah, I know.”

Her head twists away from you curiously, “Then why?”

“I figured everyone or everything would have been gone by now. I thought it was safe.”

Standing up, you dust off your clothes and take a step back to get a better look at Mommy.

“My dear, it is far from safe.”

You nod, remembering Huggy, “I know.”

For a moment the both of you stayed silent. But this time, during the silence, the air felt different. It felt lighter.

Mommy sighs “So who were you looking to play with?”

You freeze.

“What?”

“What toy were you so desperately searching for? Mommy might know a place or two to find one of the regular toys.”

“You mean ones with no blood in them?”

She ruffles your hair with a single finger, “No blood~ Mommy promises.”

For some reason you can’t explain, you weren’t afraid anymore. “Okay… well actually I was looking for-well you.” You blushed.

Fidgeting with your grab pack, you watch as Mommy’s eyes widen in shock, then instantly she brightens and clasps her hands together, “Oh how sweet!”

“When I was a kid, I had two favorites. You were my number one though. My best pal.” You chuckle softly to yourself reminiscing on your childhood.

“ I lost you though, somehow through a move maybe. I moved schools and homes a lot when I was a kid. Anyway, I just remember being so sad when I realized that I was probably never going to see you again. Hah, it’s so stupid that I came here. I almost Died and hell who knows maybe I will die, but this was just eating away at me for a long time and I just couldn’t take not doing anything anymore. I had to bring you back home.”

Mommy places her hand on the floor, palm facing up, and ushers you over to her. Hesitantly, you stand on her hand and she lifts you to meet her face. You stare into her green eyes and hers into your (e/c) ones. “Do you mean that about Mommy dear? And tell the truth! I’ll know if you’re lying!” She threatens.

Staring into her eyes, you get down on your knees and hold onto her thumb comfortingly.

“I do.”

For a split second, you saw something change in her eyes. If you blinked, you would have missed it. She looked relieved but quickly went back to her regular stoic face.

Bringing you over to the hand reader, mommy motions for you to use your grab pack. Slapping your red hand on the reader, you look up at Mommy, giving her a small grin.

“Does this mean I get to live?”

Walking into the game station, Mommy sets you down by the seating area.

This place is trashed.

“Yes, now be a good boy and wait here. Mommy will be right back.”

You couldn’t help but blush about the nickname.

“But what about the other toys around?”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about that! Mommy’s got it all taken care of. Just sit down and wait patiently, you can do that right (y/n)?”

Silently noodling, you take a seat.

“Splendid! I’ll be right back!”

You sat and waited patiently but she didn’t come right back. For over an hour you sat there kicking your feet, waiting for Mommy on the yellow bench. Growing bored, you decided to roam a bit.

She wouldn’t kill you for this, right?

Walking around, you analyze the drawings taped around the playground area. Quite a few were Huggy, but from the amount of pink you were seeing scribbled on paper, it looked like Mommy was the favorite around here.

“Heh cute-“

Picking up a page from the floor, you run your fingers through the crinkly paper. Chuckling at the view of a disproportionate version of Mommy, you trace the spot where her fingers stretch off the page.

‘I wonder if her fingers actually stretch this far…’

Instantly hit with lewd thoughts, you silently curse to yourself.

“Is she ever coming back?”

sighing, you crumble the page back into a ball and throw it across the room. Turning away from the playground, you make your way over to the beeping noise. Walking up the steps, you stare at the cardboard cutout of Kissy Missy, feeling uneasy.

‘God if she’s anything like Huggy hope I never get to meet her-‘

Brushing your fingers against the control panel, you grab the stick that lies underneath the flashing red light.

Growing uncomfortable with the quiet beeping, you start talking quietly to yourself.

“I know that I can’t open the train door with my grab pack since the door will only take a green hand, but maybe this can open it too. Hopefully?”

Pulling down the lever, you watch the train carefully. The door didn’t budge. Instead, creepy music played through the speakers, until a feminine voice cut in.

“Hi kids! Welcome to the game station! I’m Stella and we’ve got three super duper fun games to play. These little tests show us just how crazy strong and smart you are. Follow Mommy Long Legs down the stairs and we’ll start by playing musical memory. See you in a bit!”

Mommy still was nowhere to be found.

‘Maybe something happened to her.’

The door slides open.

‘Or she just left me for dead.’

Both thoughts made you shiver. Mommy or not you weren’t going to stand around any longer. You had to get on that train.

Walking down a broken hallway, you find yourself searching for something to open the train door with. Eventually, the hallway led you to the “molding room” and you decided on making that green hand.

Thank god you were able to because after you used the room, one of the machines busted. You didn’t even want to think about what could have happened if you couldn’t leave on the train. The thought alone made you sick.

On your way back to the train, you replace your red hand with the green. You almost make it fully up the stairs until a pink figure comes into view and blocks your exit. You stumble down a couple of steps but regain your balance.

“H-hey Mommy.”

She isn’t pleased.

“ I thought I asked you to wait. “

You walk up the stairs and rest a hand on one of her giant fingers, making her expression soften. “I didn’t know if something bad had happened to you. I’m sorry, I should have never left.”

For a moment she analyzes you as if to see if you were still the person she met in an hour ago.

Remembering the drawing from earlier, you pull your hand away quickly, blushing.

She takes note of your change but doesn’t say anything about it.

“ Still, you should have listened to Mommy! It’s not safe out here. You could have gotten hurt, little one.”

Chuckling, you walk past her and toward the train. “I’m not a kid anymore.”

“Well of course not! But you’re still small to me.”

Remembering the height difference, you nod slowly. “Oh right. I guess that makes sense.”

Opening the door to the train, you walk in and then back out.

“Oh um. It looks like it needs a code. Do you know it?”

Placing her palm on the floor, you quietly walk over to her and stand in the middle of her palm for a second time. Placing you on top of the train, you give her a questioning look. She responds with a sad sigh, then rubs the top of your head lovingly.

“I do, but I was hoping you’d stay just a little longer…”

“Sure, I guess it’s the least I can do since you’re helping me.”

Her eyes grow wide and full of life.

“Good! Because I brought you a little something!” Stretching her arm behind the train she pulls over a box and hands it over to you.

In black sharpie, the box was labeled “reject”. Turning the box over, you find a smaller lifeless version of Mommy inside.

Smiling, you run your hands over the thin plastic window. “Oh my god is this-“

“Toy me? Yes! Do you like it?”

“Are you kidding? I love it! I didn’t think you were serious though when you said you knew where to find one.”

She giggles softly, resting her head on her palms. “Well, Mommy always keeps her word!”

Sitting down, you hold the box to your chest and smile. Mommy smiles back.

“Thanks so much for the gift. It’s the reason why I went down here and to just have it is such a relief but I have to ask… why? Why did you decide to help me, a complete stranger?”

Mommy’s smile fades, and she looks away with an expression you couldn’t quite explain.

Her voice goes quiet, “You’re innocent..”

You almost didn’t hear her but thankfully you were watching her mouth and caught what she was saying.

“Innocent?”

“Yes, you’re not like the others. You didn’t take the children or do experiments. You weren’t the one to leave Mommy all alone. It was them, the employees, everyone, but the way you treat me-the way you look at me…”

She gently brushes your cheek.

“It’s like you see me.”

You hold the finger that’s resting on your cheek, and catch her eyes again. “Of course I see you. You’re not the monster here, don’t think I haven’t noticed. This was all probably some sick rich asshole who thought it would be a good idea to play house.”

Without thinking you kiss the top of her head to comfort her. She instantly smiles and you pull away quickly, feeling your face heat up against her finger.

You laugh awkwardly. “What?”

“See, you are innocent~” She teased.

“Pssh, please! Not that innocent.”

“How so?”

Your mind wanders back to the drawing again.

‘Shit.’

“Oh you know-“

Smirking, she puts both of her hands on her hips and watches you struggling to find words. “I don’t.”

When you don’t say anything she laughs, but this time it’s different, deeper. Maybe even more genuine.

“What? Cat got your tongue?”

You sit there blushing, trying to think of something to say, anything.

Out of nowhere, she places her finger under your chin, making you look back up at her. “You know (y/n) if you can’t use your words. You’re just going to have to show Mommy.” She purrs.

Your heart starts beating fast while you rub your legs together, trying to conceal your heat.

‘She couldn’t possibly know what sex is right?’

Chapter 6: Chapter 3: The End [he/him reader]

You both sit in silence.

The thought of Mommy flirting with you now and possibly fucking you was too much to handle. You didn't know what to say or do, but in the next few moments, it became clear that she did and there was nothing innocent about it.

With half-lidded eyes, Mommy moved her finger from your chin down to the lower half of your body. Holding your breath, you watch as her pink finger shoves its way in between your thighs.

"Open."

You couldn't believe what you were hearing, "W-what?"

"You heard Mommy."

Hesitantly, you spread your legs.

"Good boy~"

God, you were already so wet.

"Oh look! It seems like you're ready to play and we just started too!"

Rubbing her finger against your clothed crotch, she watches your face, as it instantly becomes filled with pleasure.

Covering your mouth with the back of your hand, and leaning on the other, you try to hold in any embarrassing sounds.

"Ah ah ah. No holding back now. Mommy wants to hear your sweet sounds!"

Moving your hand away from your lips, you blush while Mommy applies more pressure and speed against your throbbing cock.

You were going to explode.

"Haaah-ahhh~"

Smiling down at you, she gives a long satisfied sigh.

"Such wonderful sounds, yes! But I wonder…"

She pulls away, poking her left cheek with one finger. You whimper, missing her touch.

"What would the little one sound like without his clothes?"

At this point, you were practically drooling.

‘Am I really going to do this?’

You question the thought for a second or two, then get to work.

Standing, you feverishly take off all of your clothes, tossing them onto the floor. They ended up falling onto the tracks instead, but you weren’t too worried about it. You would get them back later.

Now it was Mommy’s turn to drool.

You kick your feet awkwardly. “So what now?”

Without saying a word, Mommy picks you up by your waist and sits you in the middle of her palm. Running her finger over your chest, she starts massaging your nipples in a circular motion.

Nipples growing hard under her soft silicon hand, you moan softly causing Mommy to stare at you in awe.

She couldn’t believe how soft you were.

“Mommy~”

“Yes, love?” she purred.

You could hear the lust dripping from her mouth.

You grip her fore and ring finger, blushing heavily. You didn’t even know if what you wanted was possible, but you figured it wouldn’t hurt to ask.

“Could you… possibly, p-pump me?”

Your blush instantly turns 50 shades darker.

“If you can, that is!” You squeak.

“Of course, I can~ Anything for you (y/n)~”

Going back down to your cock, she starts to rub your shaft again, then at your dripping slit.

Throwing your head back, you watch as her finger stretches into a thinner form and wraps around you.

“Ready?” She smirks.

You open your mouth, ready to respond, but are quickly cut off by Mommy’s finger starts pumping your cock. You gasp at her speed.

“You’re so warm (y/n)~”

With that comment, Mommy starts rubbing your tip, slowly. You arch your back and whine quietly in response.

“Please-“

“Awe how needy… Now, tell Mommy what you would like her to do to that sweet cock of yours, (y/n).”

She stops and pulls away. You whine again, grinding against her finger. You couldn’t believe how desperate you felt. It felt like you couldn’t breathe.

“Ahhh~ Please Mommy! I need you to fuck me so hard and fast. Please-I’m begging you! Please, please please-”

“Such a naughty request.”

She sighs deeply. You could feel the warmth of her breath kiss your face.

“What am I going to do with you (y/n)?”

Gently stroking your thighs, she looks down at your watery eyes as you tighten your grip around her fingers. “Fuck me.” You declared.

And she did. In one swift motion, she jerked you off at at an inhuman speed.

Suddenly your vision started to blur. You could barely focus on a single object or thought. The only thing your mind could process was the wet rhythmic slapping sound coming from your cock.

“Yes yes yes! Mommy yes! Oh, my god-just like that!”

Shivering at your praise, Mommy keeps up the pace. Watching you intently as her stretched finger quickly becomes covered in your precum .

“Gahhh~ Mommy!” You moaned.

Smirking, she inches closer to your face.

“What’s my name?”

You could feel your toes tighten and curl. You were close to finishing.

“Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! Mmhhh… AHHH!”

Panting, you feel her finger pull away and gently rest upon your lips.

‘She’s not going to make me taste myself, right?’

“Say ah~”

Closing your eyes, you part your lips obediently. You were half expecting a bitter taste to run down your throat but were caught by surprise when you were choking down on a sweet and salty flavor.

You hated to admit it, but you tasted good.

“You like that don’t you (y/n)? Mommy can tell.” She teased.

For a while, you did like it. That is until you suddenly started to feel your throat tighten and burn. Sobbing, you look up at Mommy for help, but only see her chuckling at the sight. She liked seeing you like this, a mess.

Spit spilling out both sides of your lips, you grab her finger to pull it out. This time you really couldn’t breathe.

So the next time the pink rubber grazed against your inner cheek, you decided to bite down. She immediately pulled out, crying out in pain.

“OW!”

Heaving, you get on your knees and wipe away the spit from your neck and cheeks.

“What the hell was that?! I could barely breathe!” You spat.

Pulling you up by your hair, she tosses you on top of the train. Wincing at the throbbing pain your scalp is in, you land harshly on your hands and knees.

With a low growl, Mommy snakes her arm around your entire body, then finally ends at your neck. You gasp not being able to face her.

“And now, you really won’t~”

“Wha-“

Giggling like a maniac, she squeezes your entire body, making sure to squeeze extra tight on what she thought were your softest and sexiest features.

Pressing your cheek against the roof of the train, you started to focus on the cold metallic feeling. You were losing air. But it wasn’t as scary as the first time. No, this time it felt different.

You still couldn’t breathe either way, but for some strange reason, you started to regain your trust in her. Even though she’s pissed at you for biting her, you could tell that her intentions were far from evil. You’ll admit, between the scary giggling and aggressive touch, it took you a hot second to realize, that she wasn’t planning on killing you. She never was. She just wanted to dominate you.

SLAP.

You felt your entire ass burn. She was spanking you with one of her fingers and there was nothing you could do about it.

SLAP.

You were as red as a tomato.

SLAP.

Choking out a loud moan, you twitch as she continues her strikes. Quickly, you started to learn that with each harsh hit your ass took, the more your cock hardened and throbbed. You were getting wet again and she noticed too.

“Looks like someone’s making a mess! Here, Mommy will help clean it all up!”

Desperate for her touch, you arch your back as much as possible under her tight restraint, trying to display your aching cock to her. Curling her middle finger, Mommy slowly rubs your balls then stops abruptly, planning her next move.

Suddenly, her finger is scooping up all the cum dripping from your cock and is moving it in between your cheeks.

‘Oh shit.’

Your body tenses. She slowly pushes in.

“AHHHH~”

Successfully finding herself all the way in, Mommy starts to pound mercilessly into your hole, only using the movement of her finger to fuck you.

“You’re taking me so well (y/n)! You’re such a good boy!”

All of a sudden she loosens her grip around you, letting you regain air and movement. Gasping, you slam your hands by the side of your head and claw at the roof of the train, chipping some paint in the process.

Mommy stops momentarily, concern rising in her voice.

“(y/n)? Are you okay dear? Mommy didn’t hurt you too badly, did she?”

Finally regaining some freedom, you look behind you and meet Mommy’s big green eyes. They were so worried.

Coughing, you start rolling your hips, thrusting her deeper into you. Gasping softly, Mommy’s eyes widened and a smirk crept upon your lips, “Never better~” you sang.

And from there on out, moaning and praises filled the air. And after finishing your intense session, Mommy carried you over to the employee locker room to shower and get dressed.

Making your way back to the scene, you throw on your grab pack; using it to open the train door.

You take two steps into the train.

‘I’m Finally Leaving.’

Running your hand through your wet hair, you listened carefully as Mommy guided you through the code.

Pressing all the buttons as instructed, you pause to hear the train chime.

The buttons were now all green. You squealed, jumping for joy.

You were finally going back home alive and it was all thanks to Mommy.

‘Mommy…’

You frown, stepping back out into the station.

“Mommy, why don’t you come with me? To get away from…”

You struggled to find the words for this wickedly depressing place.

“Well, away from all of this-” You sighed, gesturing your hands out toward the game station.

“You know I can’t do that.” She smiles sadly.

You lean against the train, crossing your arms defensively. “Why not? No one’s keeping you here and I’d be more than happy to take you in. Well, I’d need to buy a ranch or property first since you’re-you know-but we can do it! I can do it!”

She stares down at you lovingly, stroking the side of your face. You bite down on your lip, getting a taste of the salty tears running down your face. “I-It’s just not fair! Why do you have to be stuck down here? Look-I know we just met but I feel like I’ve known you forever, and in a way, I guess I have.”

Memories of your childhood flood in.

“But you’re nothing like Huggy or the people who experimented on you! Sure you’re no saint but you have good in you. You don’t deserve this…” you cried.

As many times as you pleaded, Mommy’s choice remained the same.

“No, (y/n).”

“But-“

“This is Mommy’s home now.”

You grab her finger and hug it tightly, secretly afraid of her vanishing into thin air.

“Then I’ll come to visit you so you’re not alone.” You stated.

“NO!”

You flinch slightly at her sudden outburst. Pushing you roughly against the train, she exhales slowly and starts speaking with her warm voice again. The voice you’ve grown used to these past couple of hours.

“No. You will not come down here ever again. It’s not safe. You understand, right my sweet boy?”

You nod your head sadly, still holding onto her.

“Oh I know it’s very hard, dear. Mommy will miss you too, but trust me it’s better this way!” She cheered.

You could tell her words meant nothing to either of you. It was all just a facade. She wanted to be with you as much as you wanted to be with her. It just wasn’t in the cards for you two, but that much was obvious from the start.

Motioning for her to bend down, you wipe your mouth from the salt and kiss her pink forehead. She smiles down at you sweetly and ushers you back into the train.

“Well, run along now! You don’t want to be late for supper-” she rushed.

Tripping over the gift Mommy gave you, you pick up the box and close the door, getting ready for the departure. Hugging the doll, you look out the window to see Mommy waving sadly.

“Goodbye! And remember to be a good boy (y/n)!” She hollered.

You give a warm smile at the comment. “No promises!”

The train started to move.

“I love you, Mommy!”

“I love you more dear!”

Waving your last goodbyes, you then face forward, preparing yourself to exit the factory. After chugging down the tunnel for a solid ten minutes, you eventually start hurtling towards a bright light.

Squinting, you take in the drastic lighting change and the train gradually comes to a stop. Stepping out of the train, you walk out of the tunnel and step out into the parking lot. Immediately, you spot your car. Your eyes begin to water.

“Oh my god-“ you breathed.

You never thought you’d see that hunk of junk ever again.

With heavy steps, you make your way over to the middle of the parking lot to where your car was. Staring at your reflection through the window, you shove your hands into your back pocket for your keys.

Shaking, you press the button to unlock the car and hop into the driver's seat. Tossing the gift Mommy gave you into the backseat, you slam the car door shut and lock all the doors and windows.

Not wasting a second, you insert your key into the ignition and grip your steering wheel. Hearing the car purr, you step on the gas and speed out of the parking lot. Watched the factory slowly fade away in the distance.

As you drove past all of the gas stations, restaurants, and houses, you held your breath and kept a sharp eye on the road. Even though you were now miles away from the factory, it wasn't until you were laying in the comfort of your bed that you decided to finally breathe.

Snuggling against your new doll, you quickly drifted off into the darkness, pushing away any last wandering thoughts of what would become of Mommy and the Play factory.

As day turned into night, Mommy slaved away in many parts of the factory. Writing on warnings on the walls and in the vents. Strapping already dead toys on ceilings and moving furniture around to block any doorways that would lead a person back into the Gamestation.

Mommy told herself it was because she didn't want any pest to sneak their way in and disrupt Mommy's peace, but deep down she knew that what she was doing was all to keep (y/n) safe.

Though the thought of one day reuniting with you never ceased to make Mommy feel warm and fuzzy, the thought of finding your corpse down these hallways instead made her feel something stronger. It made her feel scared.

So to keep herself sane, Mommy did the thing she felt was right and cut off all the remaining power to the station, isolating herself back into the long, dark, and narrow hallway the two of you first met in.

For years Mommy crawled about in that hallway. Lonely, tired, and with an insatiable appetite. In all her years of waiting, she never expected to see you or anyone ever again, that is, until one day, when she heard an all too familiar voice humming through the slides.

Lifting the gate open a crack, Mommy slips her hand under it and slowly creeps her way up the slide, snatching Poppy away. As screams fill the air, Mommy waits patiently for her next victim.

As the minutes go by, everything is silent. Then finally the gate opened and a former employee walked in.

"A NEW PLAYMATE!"

Chapter 7: Chapter 1: Blue Fur [they/them reader]

A red light flashes. Sirens blare.

‘ SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT HOLY FUCKING SHIT- ‘

A tuft of fur brushes ever so gently against your back. Your breath hitches.

You couldn’t believe this was happening to you. The Huggy Wuggy, your once cute and lovable childhood best friend, was hunting you down.

With every corner you turned, your heart raced faster. The walls you so briefly touched, are now drenched in sweat from your palms.

You couldn’t breathe.

Tripping, you find yourself sliding out of the vents and onto a narrow walkway.

“Fuck-“ you winced.

“You’re definitely not as huggable as I remember.”

Rubbing your knees quickly, you start to pick yourself up and jog over to the colorful flower exit.

As Huggy’s thudding grows closer, your brows furrow and your body starts shaking. Stopping, you take a brief moment to analyze as much of the situation as possible. All you could think about is how vulnerable you were in all this open space. I mean, surely he would catch you here. Compared to the vents, the walkways would make running or jumps effortlessly for Huggy. You needed a plan if you were going to make it to that door in one piece and you needed one now.

Looking every which way, you scanned for anything that you could use to delay him. Surprise surprise, there wasn't much of anything.

Luckily, you noticed a pile of boxes resting on a conveyor belt above your head. With your grab pack, you started to lower each box down and piled them up in front of you, making sure to take them all, except the oversized wooden crate.

You weren’t sure whether or not pulling that one down would be a good idea. It looks like it would take the whole floor down with its weight. Which in theory sounds great. It would definitely keep Huggy away but you weren’t going to risk going down with it. You needed to survive.

Not wasting a single second, you run straight to the exit. When you finally arrive, you hastily open the door and slam it shut.

Panting, your fingers frantically search for a lock. There was none. Grasping the knob tightly, you silently curse to yourself.

‘He can’t open doors, right?’

peeking the door open you look back out in search of huggy and lo and behold there he was. Fangs and all.

At this moment, you knew you had to run or hide, but your body was frozen. You had to see what came next.

Would he move the boxes? Jump over them? Hell, maybe even he was tall enough to simply walk over them.

Cautiously, Huggy approaches your work and scans the room. The room is so silent, that you could hear a pin drop. After a couple of seconds of staring at the pile, Huggy suddenly flails his long arms and lets out a shriek of frustration, hitting one of the boxes over the railing.

Jumping backward, you let out a gasp. Instantly covering your mouth, you peer out the door again, halfway expecting the beast to storm his way through the aisles to swallow you whole. But what had happened next, you never would have guessed to happen in a million years. He was leaving.

Tha-thump tha-thump tha-thump tha-thump.

You could practically feel your heart thumping out of your chest.

‘Was it really over?’

Cautiously watching him leave, you see his blue fuzzy arm slither back into the vent.

“My god-“

Sighing, you quietly close the door. Resting your back against the cool wooden door, you begin to cry. Sliding down to the floor, you attempt to dry off the never-ending pools with your sleeve.

Who would have ever thought that getting chased by a man-eating plushie would be so fucking exhausting?

After about 15 minutes of emotional spiraling, you finally take in your new environment. Breathing steadily, you examine the walls.

‘Floral print. That’s… strange.’

You stand, peering over the descending stairs.

“Fuck it.”

The farther down you went, the more the factory started to disappear and you were now suddenly transported into a setup that appeared to be home-like. You could tell the furniture was antique and that this place had been existing for some time.

But even with this place being old with musty wallpaper and dim lighting, this place didn't fail to carry a warm child's touch to the place.

Walking around, you step past a small dollhouse and pile of color patterned pillows.

In a twisted way, this place kind of reminded you of your own home, well- even though they shared no resemblance.

Slowly approaching the red-lit hallway, your stomach starts to drop.

'What if there was something on the other side of these doors? Something like our blue friend out there-'

Quickly shaking the thought out of your head you take a deep breath in and grab the handles.

"There's a way out of here. I know it - but there's no way I'm going to find it if I keep being a little bitch." You whispered.

Upon opening the door, you're met with two things. A bed you so desperately craved to be in and a creepy red-headed doll that's sealed in a glass case.

With wide eyes, you quietly tiptoed out of the room and closed the doors.

Whatever that thing was, you definitely did not want to wake it the hell up. Even if it meant passing on some well-needed beauty sleep.

Heading over to the closet next to the dollhouse, you pushed it aside and stared at the door that was behind it.

This had to be it.

Opening the door, you instantly groan.

Another factory hallway. Almost identical to the one you were running from Huggy in.

"Does it ever end?" You whine.

Sighing, you jiggle every door in search of your exit.

Nothing.

"Gahhh-"

Kicking a small green robot from the floor, you run your hands through your hair. Suddenly noticing fresh blood all over the wall and floor, you bend down and examine the small robot.

It didn't move or cry out in pain.

“What are you guys?”

Chapter 8: Chapter 2: Pink Hand [they/them reader]

Kicking a small green robot from the floor, you run your hands through your hair. Suddenly noticing fresh blood all over the wall and floor, you bend down and examine the small robot.

It didn't move or cry out in pain.

"What are you guys?"

Standing back up, you start to feel nauseous. Huggy is sentient. That doll you found earlier if you approached it maybe it would have been too, and now this robot? You didn't know what to think.

With the smell of iron filling your nostrils, you immediately leave the scene. Using your grab pack, you smoothly swing yourself to the other side of the hallway. As you expected, there wasn't an exit, but there was a familiar face.

Flipping off the cardboard cutout of Huggy, you move some barrels out of your way and walk into what seemed to be a storage room. Instantly, a red key caught your eye.

Snatching it off the wall, you twirl it between your fingers curiously.

Suddenly a realization crossed your mind, "The red door! Eliot Ludwig's door! That's what this opens!"

Rushing back over to where you started you place the key in the hole and turn it.

Klick.

The door creaks open.

Entering the office, you rummage through the drawers, in hopes to find another key or at least a button to open the gate from outside the office, but in the end, are left fruitless.

Spinning in the office chair, you stare at the walls and the vents.

Oh, how you had hoped it never came to this.

Hopping off the chair you pull down the vent door and jump into the vent. Cringing at the memory of Huggy, you slowly made your way to the other side.

Surprisingly, the room was pretty big. Obviously, the first thing you tried was to open a door inside the room, but it wouldn't budge because of course it fucking didn't. So for a while, you were stuck in there, trying to figure out a way to get the power back on, but after moving a couple of boxes, you eventually got it to work and were able to get through the gate outside the office.

But now you seem to have reached yet another problem.

“A hole! That's just what I needed! Gee, thanks universe for helping me out!” You yelled.

Sighing, you debate whether or not you should go back to where you first encountered Huggy. At least on that side of the factory, you knew where your exit was, but here? It felt like the more you searched, the deeper you got into the factory.

Deciding on what to do, you start to walk away from the hole. “Well Huggy, I guess we’re going to be meeting again soon…yay.”

Suddenly a large pink hand wrapped around your leg.

“What the he-“

You were being pulled into the hole against your will. Falling down the blue slide, you scream and thrash. Kicking the pink hand, until it finally lets go of your leg. When you finally make it to the bottom, you search left and right for the culprit, but the creature is nowhere in sight.

Whatever that thing was, it knew you were here, and it wanted you. You look back up the slide, gulping. There’s no way in hell you’re going to be able to climb up that. It’s too steep.

The only option now is to move forward. Running to the power room, you figure out the best method to turn the power back on and go straight to the opening gate.

Taking a couple of steps forward, you grab onto your grab pack tightly.

It was dead silent the moment you walked in, but the closer you got to the gate at the end of the hallway, the more uneasy you felt.

‘Maybe that pink thing left already.’

That’s what you wanted to believe, but deep down you knew the truth. Before you turned on the power, there wasn’t anywhere for it to go. It’s here with you-lingering in the darkness.

You couldn’t take this much longer.

Looking up at the ceiling, you clear your throat. “I know you’re here! Come-come out so I can see you-”

“I just need to get through that gate!”

…

Maybe if you tried reasoning with it?

“I don’t mean any harm. Imeanyouprobablymightbut- I swear, it will take me only two seconds to get out and I’ll be out of your hair forever. Just please, let me through. I’ll do anything.” You breathed.

Giggling erupts from above.

You freeze, breaking into a sweat.

“Anything?” It questions sweetly.

Nodding slowly, you squint into the darkness.

“Oh well in that case~”

The room suddenly starts to shake. You take a few steps back, almost falling to the ground.

One by one each of its pink hands and legs stretches down to grip the wall, slowly revealing its massive form.

‘Mommy-‘

“Let’s play a game!” She cheered.

Breathing out a laugh, you eye the gate behind her, nervously. “Sure… why not-“

“20 questions! I’ll go first!” She stated.

Twisting her entire body, her face then slowly stretches down to your height, inches away from your face.

You’re about to throw up.

“ Who are you? “

‘This isn’t the game.’

“ (Y-Y/n). My name’s (Y/n).”

Mommy jumps off the wall, making the entire room shake again. This time you lose your balance and fall to the floor.

Hovering over your body, she smiles “You’re not from here are you, dear?”

You start to nod, trying to stay as calm, quiet, and respectful as possible but when your eyes meet hers, they start to darken and give a disapproving look.

“NO! I’m not. From here, I mean. I never worked in the factory-“ you squeaked.

Her voice brightens again “Good! Next question dear!”

“What brings you down here?”

You wonder whether or not you should play the innocent card.

“You pulled me down here, remember?” You laugh softly.

“Oh yes, I do remember! You hurt Mommy’s hand!” She pouted, holding her hand to her chest.

Your heart pounds.

‘Oh shit, is she pissed?’

Swatting at an invisible fly with her other hand, she closes her eyes and sighs “But don’t worry! Mommy’s feeling much better now. But what I meant to ask is why are you in the factory silly?”

You look away, turning red from embarrassment.

Your reasoning wasn't exactly good.

“Um well… I was looking for…”

Her green eyes burned into you, waiting for you to continue.

“I was looking for a toy to replace the one I had lost as a child!”

Silence.

“A toy?” She whispers.

Your cheeks burned.

“Y-yes a toy!” You whispered back angrily.

Suddenly Mommy bursts out into laughter.

Courage overcomes you “Hey, that’s not funny! It was for pure nostalgia! How the hell was I supposed to know this place was a death trap?”

Mommy stops laughing, “You know- the factory shut down ages ago!”

You rub the back of your neck sheepishly, “yeah I know.”

“The workers…they disappeared!”

You sit up from the floor looking at her dirty pink boots.

“Yeah, I know.”

Her head twists away from you curiously, “Then why?”

“I figured everyone or everything would have been gone by now. I thought it was safe.”

Standing up, you dust off your clothes and take a step back to get a better look at Mommy.

“My dear, it is far from safe.”

You nod, remembering Huggy, “I know.”

For a moment the both of you stayed silent. But this time, during the silence, the air felt different. It felt lighter.

Mommy sighs “So who were you looking to play with?”

You freeze.

“What?”

“What toy were you so desperately searching for? Mommy might know a place or two to find one of the regular toys.”

“You mean ones with no blood in them?”

She ruffles your hair with a single finger, “No blood~ Mommy promises.”

For some reason you can’t explain, you weren’t afraid anymore. “Okay… well actually I was looking for-well you.” You blushed.

Fidgeting with your grab pack, you watch as Mommy’s eyes widen in shock, then instantly she brightens and clasps her hands together, “Oh how sweet!”

“When I was a kid, I had two favorites. You were my number one though. My best pal.” You chuckle softly to yourself reminiscing on your childhood.

“ I lost you though, somehow through a move maybe. I moved schools and homes a lot when I was a kid. Anyway, I just remember being so sad when I realized that I was probably never going to see you again. Hah, it’s so stupid that I came here. I almost Died and hell who knows maybe I will die, but this was just eating away at me for a long time and I just couldn’t take not doing anything anymore. I had to bring you back home.”

Mommy places her hand on the floor, palm facing up, and ushers you over to her. Hesitantly, you stand on her hand and she lifts you to meet her face. You stare into her green eyes and hers into your (e/c) ones. “Do you mean that about Mommy dear? And tell the truth! I’ll know if you’re lying!” She threatens.

Staring into her eyes, you get down on your knees and hold onto her thumb comfortingly.

“I do.”

For a split second, you saw something change in her eyes. If you blinked, you would have missed it. She looked relieved but quickly went back to her regular stoic face.

Bringing you over to the hand reader, mommy motions for you to use your grab pack. Slapping your red hand on the reader, you look up at Mommy, giving her a small grin.

“Does this mean I get to live?”

Walking into the game station, Mommy sets you down by the seating area.

This place is trashed.

“Yes, now be a good pet and wait here. Mommy will be right back.”

You couldn’t help but blush about the nickname.

“But what about the other toys around?”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about that! Mommy’s got it all taken care of. Just sit down and wait patiently, you can do that right (y/n)?”

Silently noodling, you take a seat.

“Splendid! I’ll be right back!”

You sat and waited patiently but she didn’t come right back. For over an hour you sat there kicking your feet, waiting for Mommy on the yellow bench. Growing bored, you decided to roam a bit.

She wouldn’t kill you for this, right?

Walking around, you analyze the drawings taped around the playground area. Quite a few were Huggy, but from the amount of pink you were seeing scribbled on paper, it looked like Mommy was the favorite around here.

“Heh cute-“

Picking up a page from the floor, you run your fingers through the crinkly paper. Chuckling at the view of a disproportionate version of Mommy, you trace the spot where her fingers stretch off the page.

‘I wonder if her fingers actually stretch this far…’

Instantly hit with lewd thoughts, you silently curse to yourself.

“Is she ever coming back?”

sighing, you crumble the page back into a ball and throw it across the room. Turning away from the playground, you make your way over to the beeping noise. Walking up the steps, you stare at the cardboard cutout of Kissy Missy, feeling uneasy.

‘God if she’s anything like Huggy hope I never get to meet her-‘

Brushing your fingers against the control panel, you grab the stick that lies underneath the flashing red light.

Growing uncomfortable with the quiet beeping, you start talking quietly to yourself.

“I know that I can’t open the train door with my grab pack since the door will only take a green hand, but maybe this can open it too. Hopefully?”

Pulling down the lever, you watch the train carefully. The door didn’t budge. Instead, creepy music played through the speakers, until a feminine voice cut in.

“Hi kids! Welcome to the game station! I’m Stella and we’ve got three super duper fun games to play. These little tests show us just how crazy strong and smart you are. Follow Mommy Long Legs down the stairs and we’ll start by playing musical memory. See you in a bit!”

Mommy still was nowhere to be found.

‘Maybe something happened to her.’

The door slides open.

‘Or she just left me for dead.’

Both thoughts made you shiver. Mommy or not you weren’t going to stand around any longer. You had to get on that train.

Walking down a broken hallway, you find yourself searching for something to open the train door with. Eventually, the hallway led you to the “molding room” and you decided on making that green hand.

Thank god you were able to because after you used the room, one of the machines busted. You didn’t even want to think about what could have happened if you couldn’t leave on the train. The thought alone made you sick.

On your way back to the train, you replace your red hand with the green. You almost make it fully up the stairs until a pink figure comes into view and blocks your exit. You stumble down a couple of steps but regain your balance.

“H-hey Mommy.”

She isn’t pleased.

“ I thought I asked you to wait. “

You walk up the stairs and rest a hand on one of her giant fingers, making her expression soften. “I didn’t know if something bad had happened to you. I’m sorry, I should have never left.”

For a moment she analyzes you as if to see if you were still the person she met in an hour ago.

Remembering the drawing from earlier, you pull your hand away quickly, blushing.

She takes note of your change but doesn’t say anything about it.

“ Still, you should have listened to Mommy! It’s not safe out here. You could have gotten hurt, little one.”

Chuckling, you walk past her and toward the train. “I’m not a kid anymore.”

“Well of course not! But you’re still small to me.”

Remembering the height difference, you nod slowly. “Oh right. I guess that makes sense.”

Opening the door to the train, you walk in and then back out.

“Oh um. It looks like it needs a code. Do you know it?”

Placing her palm on the floor, you quietly walk over to her and stand in the middle of her palm for a second time. Placing you on top of the train, you give her a questioning look. She responds with a sad sigh, then rubs the top of your head lovingly.

“I do, but I was hoping you’d stay just a little longer…”

“Sure, I guess it’s the least I can do since you’re helping me.”

Her eyes grow wide and full of life.

“Good! Because I brought you a little something!” Stretching her arm behind the train she pulls over a box and hands it over to you.

In black sharpie, the box was labeled “reject”. Turning the box over, you find a smaller lifeless version of Mommy inside.

Smiling, you run your hands over the thin plastic window. “Oh my god is this-“

“Toy me? Yes! Do you like it?”

“Are you kidding? I love it! I didn’t think you were serious though when you said you knew where to find one.”

She giggles softly, resting her head on her palms. “Well, Mommy always keeps her word!”

Sitting down, you hold the box to your chest and smile. Mommy smiles back.

“Thanks so much for the gift. It’s the reason why I went down here and to just have it is such a relief but I have to ask… why? Why did you decide to help me, a complete stranger?”

Mommy’s smile fades, and she looks away with an expression you couldn’t quite explain.

Her voice goes quiet, “You’re innocent..”

You almost didn’t hear her but thankfully you were watching her mouth and caught what she was saying.

“Innocent?”

“Yes, you’re not like the others. You didn’t take the children or do experiments. You weren’t the one to leave Mommy all alone. It was them, the employees, everyone, but the way you treat me-the way you look at me…”

She gently brushes your cheek.

“It’s like you see me.”

You hold the finger that’s resting on your cheek, and catch her eyes again. “Of course I see you. You’re not the monster here, don’t think I haven’t noticed. This was all probably some sick rich asshole who thought it would be a good idea to play house.”

Without thinking you kiss the top of her head to comfort her. She instantly smiles and you pull away quickly, feeling your face heat up against her finger.

You laugh awkwardly. “What?”

“See, you are innocent~” She teased.

“Pssh, please! Not that innocent.”

“How so?”

Your mind wanders back to the drawing again.

‘Shit.’

“Oh you know-“

Smirking, she puts both of her hands on her hips and watches you struggling to find words. “I don’t.”

When you don’t say anything she laughs, but this time it’s different, deeper. Maybe even more genuine.

“What? Cat got your tongue?”

You sit there blushing, trying to think of something to say, anything.

Out of nowhere, she places her finger under your chin, making you look back up at her. “You know (y/n) if you can’t use your words. You’re just going to have to show Mommy.” She purrs.

Your heart starts beating fast while you rub your legs together, trying to conceal your heat.

‘She couldn’t possibly know what sex is right?’

Chapter 9: Chapter 3: The End [they/them reader]

You both sit in silence.

The thought of Mommy flirting with you now and possibly fucking you was too much to handle. You didn't know what to say or do, but in the next few moments, it became clear that she did and there was nothing innocent about it.

With half-lidded eyes, Mommy moved her finger from your chin down to the lower half of your body. Holding your breath, you watch as her pink finger shoves its way in between your thighs.

"Open."

You couldn't believe what you were hearing, "W-what?"

"You heard Mommy."

Hesitantly, you spread your legs.

"Good pet~"

God, you were already so wet.

"Oh look! It seems like you're ready to play and we just started too!"

Rubbing her finger against your clothed crotch, she watches your face, as it instantly becomes filled with pleasure.

Covering your mouth with the back of your hand, and leaning on the other, you try to hold in any embarrassing sounds.

"Ah ah ah. No holding back now. Mommy wants to hear your sweet sounds!"

Moving your hand away from your lips, you blush while Mommy applies more pressure and speed against your throbbing sex.

You were going to explode.

"Haaah-ahhh~"

Smiling down at you, she gives a long satisfied sigh.

"Such wonderful sounds, yes! But I wonder…"

She pulls away, poking her left cheek with one finger. You whimper, missing her touch.

"What would the little one sound like without their clothes?"

At this point, you were practically drooling.

‘Am I really going to do this?’

You question the thought for a second or two, then get to work.

Standing, you feverishly take off all of your clothes, tossing them onto the floor. They ended up falling onto the tracks instead, but you weren’t too worried about it. You would get them back later.

Now it was Mommy’s turn to drool.

You kick your feet awkwardly. “So what now?”

Without saying a word, Mommy picks you up by your waist and sits you in the middle of her palm. Running her finger over your chest, she starts massaging your nipples in a circular motion.

Nipples growing hard under her soft silicon hand, you moan softly causing Mommy to stare at you in awe.

She couldn’t believe how soft you were.

“Mommy~”

“Yes, love?” she purred.

You could hear the lust dripping from her mouth.

You grip her fore and ring finger, blushing heavily. You didn’t even know if what you wanted was possible, but you figured it wouldn’t hurt to ask.

“Could you… possibly, f-fuck me?”

Your blush instantly turns 50 shades darker.

“If you can, that is!” You squeak.

“Of course, I can~ Anything for you (y/n)~”

Going back down to your sex, she starts to rub your sex again.

Throwing your head back, you watch as her finger stretches into a thinner form and rests at your entrance.

“Ready?” She smirks.

You open your mouth, ready to respond, but are quickly cut off by Mommy’s finger thrusting its way into you. You gasp at her size. Even though she stretched herself to be able to fit into you, she was still pretty thick, not that you minded though.

“You’re so warm (y/n)~”

With that comment, Mommy starts thrusting in and out of you, slowly. You arch your back and whine quietly in response.

“Please-“

“Awe how needy… Now, tell Mommy what you would like her to do to that sweet sex of yours, (y/n).”

She stops and pulls out. You whine again, grinding on her finger. You couldn’t believe how desperate you felt. It felt like you couldn’t breathe.

“Ahhh~ Please Mommy! I need you to fuck me so hard and fast. Please-I’m begging you! Please, please please-”

“Such a naughty request.”

She sighs deeply. You could feel the warmth of her breath kiss your face.

“What am I going to do with you (y/n)?”

Gently stroking your thighs, she looks down at your watery eyes as you tighten your grip around her fingers. “Fuck me.” You declared.

And she did. In one swift motion, she rammed herself deep inside you, thrusting at an inhuman speed.

Suddenly your vision started to blur. You could barely focus on a single object or thought. The only thing your mind could process was the wet rhythmic slapping sound coming from your sex.

“Yes yes yes! Mommy yes! Oh, my god-just like that!”

Shivering at your praise, Mommy keeps up the pace. Watching you intently as her stretched finger quickly becomes covered in your cum.

“Gahhh~ Mommy!” You moaned.

Smirking, she inches closer to your face.

“What’s my name?”

You could feel your toes tighten and curl. You were close to finishing.

“Mommy! Mommy! Mommy! Mmhhh… AHHH!”

Panting, you feel her finger slide out and gently rest upon your lips.

‘She’s not going to make me taste myself, right?’

“Say ah~”

Closing your eyes, you part your lips obediently. You were half expecting a bitter taste to run down your throat but were caught by surprise when you were choking down on a sweet and salty flavor.

You hated to admit it, but you tasted good.

“You like that don’t you (y/n)? Mommy can tell.” She teased.

For a while, you did like it. That is until you suddenly started to feel your throat tighten and burn. Sobbing, you look up at Mommy for help, but only see her chuckling at the sight. She liked seeing you like this, a mess.

Spit spilling out both sides of your lips, you grab her finger to pull it out. This time you really couldn’t breathe.

So the next time the pink rubber grazed against your inner cheek, you decided to bite down. She immediately pulled out, crying out in pain.

“OW!”

Heaving, you get on your knees and wipe away the spit from your neck and cheeks.

“What the hell was that?! I could barely breathe!” You spat.

Pulling you up by your hair, she tosses you on top of the train. Wincing at the throbbing pain your scalp is in, you land harshly on your hands and knees.

With a low growl, Mommy snakes her arm around your entire body, then finally ends at your neck. You gasp not being able to face her.

“And now, you really won’t~”

“Wha-“

Giggling like a maniac, she squeezes your entire body, making sure to squeeze extra tight on what she thought were your softest and sexiest features.

Pressing your cheek against the roof of the train, you started to focus on the cold metallic feeling. You were losing air. But it wasn’t as scary as the first time. No, this time it felt different.

You still couldn’t breathe either way, but for some strange reason, you started to regain your trust in her. Even though she’s pissed at you for biting her, you could tell that her intentions were far from evil. You’ll admit, between the scary giggling and aggressive touch, it took you a hot second to realize that she wasn’t planning on killing you. She never was. She just wanted to dominate you.

SLAP.

You felt your entire ass burn. She was spanking you with one of her fingers and there was nothing you could do about it.

SLAP.

You were as red as a tomato.

SLAP.

Choking out a loud moan, you twitch as she continues her strikes. Quickly, you started to learn that with each harsh hit your ass took, the more your sex throbbed. You were getting wet again and she noticed too.

“Looks like someone’s making a mess! Here, Mommy will help clean it all up!”

Desperate for her touch, you arch your back as much as possible under her tight restraint, trying to display your aching sex to her. Curling her middle finger, Mommy slowly rubs circles onto your sex then stops abruptly, planning her next move.
Suddenly, her finger is scooping up all the cum dripping from your sex and is moving it in between your cheeks.

‘Oh shit.’

Your body tenses. She slowly pushes in.

“AHHHH~”

Successfully finding herself all the way in, Mommy starts to pound mercilessly into your hole, only using the movement of her finger to fuck you.

“You’re taking me so well (y/n)! You’re such a good pet!”

All of a sudden she loosens her grip around you, letting you regain air and movement. Gasping, you slam your hands by the side of your head and claw at the roof of the train, chipping some paint in the process.

Mommy stops momentarily, concern rising in her voice.

“(y/n)? Are you okay dear? Mommy didn’t hurt you too badly, did she?”

Finally regaining some freedom, you look behind you and meet Mommy’s big green eyes. They were so worried.

Coughing, you start rolling your hips, thrusting her deeper into you. Gasping softly, Mommy’s eyes widened and a smirk crept upon your lips, “Never better~” you sang.

And from there on out, moaning and praises filled the air. And after finishing your intense session, Mommy carried you over to the employee locker room to shower and get dressed. Making your way back to the scene, you throw on your grab pack; using it to open the train door.

You take two steps into the train.

‘I’m Finally Leaving.’

Running your hand through your wet hair, you listened carefully as Mommy guided you through the code.

Pressing all the buttons as instructed, you pause to hear the train chime.

The buttons were now all green. You squealed, jumping for joy.

You were finally going back home alive and it was all thanks to Mommy.

‘Mommy…’

You frown, stepping back out into the station.

“Mommy, why don’t you come with me? To get away from…”

You struggled to find the words for this wickedly depressing place.

“Well, away from all of this-” You sighed, gesturing your hands out toward the game station.

“You know I can’t do that.” She smiles sadly.

You lean against the train, crossing your arms defensively. “Why not? No one’s keeping you here and I’d be more than happy to take you in. Well, I’d need to buy a ranch or property first since you’re-you know-but we can do it! I can do it!”

She stares down at you lovingly, stroking the side of your face. You bite down on your lip, getting a taste of the salty tears running down your face. “I-It’s just not fair! Why do you have to be stuck down here? Look-I know we just met but I feel like I’ve known you forever, and in a way, I guess I have.”

Memories of your childhood flood in.

“But you’re nothing like Huggy or the people who experimented on you! Sure you’re no saint but you have good in you. You don’t deserve this…” you cried.

As many times as you pleaded, Mommy’s choice remained the same.

“No, (y/n).”

“But-“

“This is Mommy’s home now.”

You grab her finger and hug it tightly, secretly afraid of her vanishing into thin air.

“Then I’ll come to visit you so you’re not alone.” You stated.

“NO!”

You flinch slightly at her sudden outburst. Pushing you roughly against the train, she exhales slowly and starts speaking with her warm voice again. The voice you’ve grown used to these past couple of hours.

“No. You will not come down here ever again. It’s not safe. You understand, right my sweet pet?”

You nod your head sadly, still holding onto her.

“Oh I know it’s very hard, dear. Mommy will miss you too, but trust me it’s better this way!” She cheered.

You could tell her words meant nothing to either of you. It was all just a facade. She wanted to be with you as much as you wanted to be with her. It just wasn’t in the cards for you two, but that much was obvious from the start.

Motioning for her to bend down, you wipe your mouth from the salt and kiss her pink forehead. She smiles down at you sweetly and ushers you back into the train.

“Well, run along now! You don’t want to be late for supper-” she rushed.

Tripping over the gift Mommy gave you, you pick up the box and close the door, getting ready for the departure. Hugging the doll, you look out the window to see Mommy waving sadly.

“Goodbye! And remember to be good (y/n)!” She hollered.

You give a warm smile at the comment. “No promises!”

The train started to move.

“I love you, Mommy!”

“I love you more dear!”

Waving your last goodbyes, you then face forward, preparing yourself to exit the factory. After chugging down the tunnel for a solid ten minutes, you eventually start hurtling towards a bright light.

Squinting, you take in the drastic lighting change and the train gradually comes to a stop. Stepping out of the train, you walk out of the tunnel and step out into the parking lot. Immediately, you spot your car. Your eyes begin to water.

“Oh my god-“ you breathed.

You never thought you’d see that hunk of junk ever again.

With heavy steps, you make your way over to the middle of the parking lot to where your car was. Staring at your reflection through the window, you shove your hands into your back pocket for your keys.

Shaking, you press the button to unlock the car and hop into the driver's seat. Tossing the gift Mommy gave you into the backseat, you slam the car door shut and lock all the doors and windows.

Not wasting a second, you insert your key into the ignition and grip your steering wheel. Hearing the car purr, you step on the gas and speed out of the parking lot. Watched the factory slowly fade away in the distance.

As you drove past all of the gas stations, restaurants, and houses, you held your breath and kept a sharp eye on the road. Even though you were now miles away from the factory, it wasn't until you were laying in the comfort of your bed that you decided to finally breathe.

Snuggling against your new doll, you quickly drifted off into the darkness, pushing away any last wandering thoughts of what would become of Mommy and the Play factory.

As day turned into night, Mommy slaved away in many parts of the factory. Writing on warnings on the walls and in the vents. Strapping already dead toys on ceilings and moving furniture around to block any doorways that would lead a person back into the Gamestation.

Mommy told herself it was because she didn't want any pest to sneak their way in and disrupt Mommy's peace, but deep down she knew that what she was doing was all to keep (y/n) safe.

Though the thought of one day reuniting with you never ceased to make Mommy feel warm and fuzzy, the thought of finding your corpse down these hallways instead made her feel something stronger. It made her feel scared.

So to keep herself sane, Mommy did the thing she felt was right and cut off all the remaining power to the station, isolating herself back into the long, dark, and narrow hallway the two of you first met in.

For years Mommy crawled about in that hallway. Lonely, tired, and with an insatiable appetite. In all her years of waiting, she never expected to see you or anyone ever again, that is, until one day, when she heard an all too familiar voice humming through the slides.

Lifting the gate open a crack, Mommy slips her hand under it and slowly creeps her way up the slide, snatching Poppy away. As screams fill the air, Mommy waits patiently for her next victim.

As the minutes go by, everything is silent. Then finally the gate opened and an employee walked in.

"A NEW PLAYMATE!"

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